



To goodman Chappels supplication.

Harry who ball harke, mast Camell hath yreene
Thy vengeance sorby bill, and thompes the as I wene,
And is by Christ full sad, that thou comest out so late,
Thou mightest haue had a place vor Pekehorn at his gate
But vortune fained not, chote it be: y well,
The more harde happe thou hadst, ich doo the plainly tell.
Vor zure charde hym swaere, by gogs digne daintie bones,
Thou shoods be newe shod, to trample these olde stones,
And westwardes shodst haue zit, for blearyng of thyn eies.
Vor zommer nowe a crowes, will hurt the zore with flies,
But he no nyggon is, a wyll vorde the a flappe,
Thou shalt haue a vortayle man, to put bpon thy cappe,
And goddes benison to, tho Churcharde tye hym shorte,
Churcharde weares a bel ats tail to make his fiendes sport,
And Camell choppes holy water, for Churcharde & for the,
Vor he wyll to you bothe, a holi chaplyn be.
And if a bittin not, er twaie daies bee agoe,
He wyll you sprinkle bothe, as varre as I doo knowe.
Tis a vengeance beast, and bygge to beare you all,
And if you zit not baste, bum faire, map to ball.

Thomas Camell.

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